

THE
Masonic Ode

A COLLECTION OF

Solos, Quartettes and Choruses

ADAPTED TO THE USES OF THE FRATERNITY

BY

POWELL G. FITHIAN

(Grand Organist, E. & A. M.)

STATE OF NEW JERSEY



BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

New York:	Chicago:	Boston:	Philadelphia:
C. H. DITSON & Co.,	LYON & HEALY,	JOHN C. HAYNES & Co.,	J. L. DITSON & Co.
567 Broadway.	Cor. State & Monroe Sts.	33 Court Street.	1229 Chestnut

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St. Mark's Lodge, No. 44,

J. W. M.

Dury, N. H.,

189

THE MASONIC ODE,

▲ COLLECTION OF

SOLOS, QUARTETS, AND CHORUSES, ADAPTED TO THE
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BY

POWELL G. FITHIAN,

*W. Grand Organist of the M. W. Grand Lodge
F. & A. M. of New Jersey.*

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:
C. H. Ditson & Co.

CHICAGO:
Lyon & Healy.

PHILA:
J. E. Ditson & Co.

BOSTON:
John C. Haynes & Co.

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PREFACE AND AUTHOR'S NOTES.

THE three symbolic degrees of Masonry exemplified without the use of music, is, to say the least, robbing Masonry of one of its most important factors. "There are few who have not felt the charms of music and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart." It is not too much to claim that there is scarcely a lodge in the jurisdiction of New Jersey, or elsewhere, which does not possess within itself the material which, by a little effort would be enabled to render the music in an impressive manner. In arranging this book I have endeavored to meet all the demands which the occasion may require. Much of it will be found to be written strictly for quartet choir. A number of familiar hymns for "Opening and Closing" have been arranged and added for use of the *entire lodge*, which will be found both desirable and effective. The "Remember now thy Creator," in the M. M. Degree has been arranged as a chant, a quartet, and a baritone solo. I would call attention to all music marked thus * which should be played as written. In all other cases it may lend effect by lowering the Treble Clef an octave. It also may be played as written.

To the entire Craft of New Jersey is this book dedicated; and that it may be instrumental in increasing the pleasure and interest of the brethren in the work of the Three Symbolic Degrees, is the sincere wish of the

AUTHOR.

THE MASONIC ODE.

No. 1.

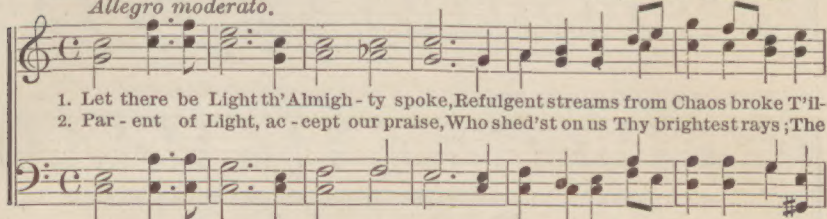
LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Respectfully Dedicated to Mr. Charles Roberts, Phila.

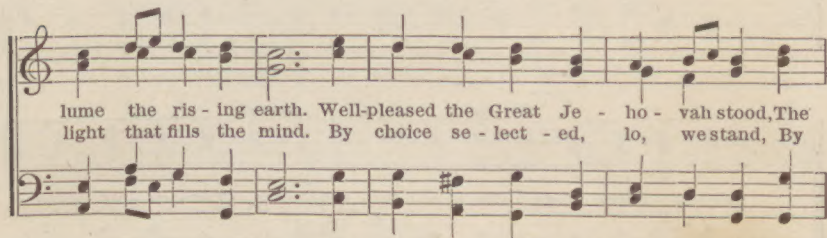
ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

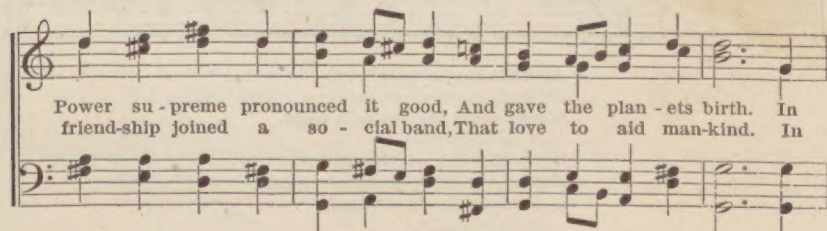
Allegro moderato.



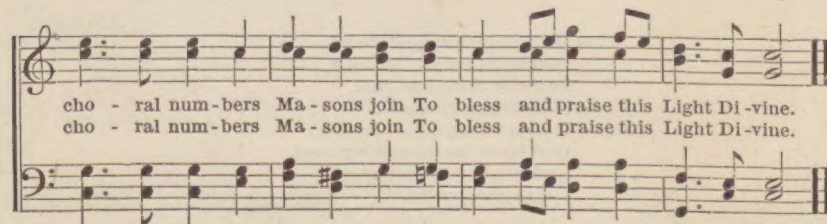
1. Let there be Light th' Almigh-ty spoke, Refulgent streams from Chaos broke T'il-
2. Par-ent of Light, ac-cept our praise, Who shed'st on us Thy brightest rays; The



lume the ris-ing earth. Well-pleased the Great Je-ho-vah stood, The
light that fills the mind. By choice se-lect-ed, lo, we stand, By



Power su-preme pronounced it good, And gave the plan-ets birth. In
friend-ship joined a so-cial band, That love to aid man-kind. In



cho-ral num-bers Ma-sons join To bless and praise this Light Di-vine.
cho-ral num-bers Ma-sons join To bless and praise this Light Di-vine.

No. 2.

MASONIC HYMN.

W. S. ADAMS.

F. ABT.

1. All hail the mys-tic art, All hail the mys-tic art U - nit - ing

ev - 'ry heart, By hallowed bands; Thy glorious name we own, Thy truth in

bles-sings shown, From God's e - ter - nal throne, For - ev - er stands.

2 All hail! mysterious light,
 All hail! mysterious light,
 Which glads the Mason's sight,
 From ages past.
 Borne o'er the wrecks of time,
 While centuries pealed their chime,
 It comes in floods sublime,
 On us is cast.

3 God bless the mystic band,
 God bless the mystic band,
 In every clime and land,
 God bless them all.
 God bless our union sweet,
 God bless the friends we meet,
 And round our altar greet.
 God bless us all.

No. 3.

HIGH TWELVE.

Dedicated to Mr. Chas. Wallace of Camden.

G. W. CHASE.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Allegro moderato.

1. High Twelve has come, High Twelve has come, The time to lay our ap-rons by, High
2. An hour for rest, an hour for rest, Our work-ing tools we now lay by, An

Twelve has come, High Twelve has come, The sun has reach'd its sta-tion high, The
hour for rest, an hour for rest, While the sun is in the south-ern sky; Then

East has is-sued its de-cree, The West has ech-oed Har-mon-y, The
shout a-loud ye crafts-men free, And let it ech-o o'er the sea, The

South to all th'ac-cept-ed free, A-loud proclaim'd High Twelve has come.
time of rest for you and I, While the sun is in the south-ern sky.

No. 4. GOD IS LOVE. (Opening.)

Dedicated to Jos. C. Cowgill, Mt. Holly No. 14.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

SOLO, FOR 2ND TENOR.

*
God is love, His mer-cy brightens All the paths in which we move,

DUET.

1ST & 2ND TENOR.

Bliss He makes and woe He lightens, God is wis-dom, God is love,

Bliss He makes, and woe He light-ens, God is wis-dom God is love.

QUARTETTE.

GOD IS LOVE.

Time and change are bus - y ev - er, Man de - cays and a - ges move;

ORGAN.

But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er, God is wis - dom, God is love,
 God is wis - dom, God is love,

God is wisdom, God is love, God is love, God is love.
 God is love, God is love, rit.

rit.

(7)

No. 5.

TWELVE HIGH TWELVE.

ROB. MORRIS.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Allegro moderato.

1. Now we hail the Jun-ior Warden, Lo! his col-umn crowns the South,
2. Lord, Je-ho-vah, bless our meeting, Thou this time of joy hath given,

Drop the heav-y tools of la-bor, Give the time to song and mirth.
'Tis for Thee we toil and la-bor, Our own work-man-ship in heaven;

Twelve High Twelve, the hour is sounding, Noon-day sun is in the sky,
When High Twelve by death is sounded, And e-ter-nal rest shall come,

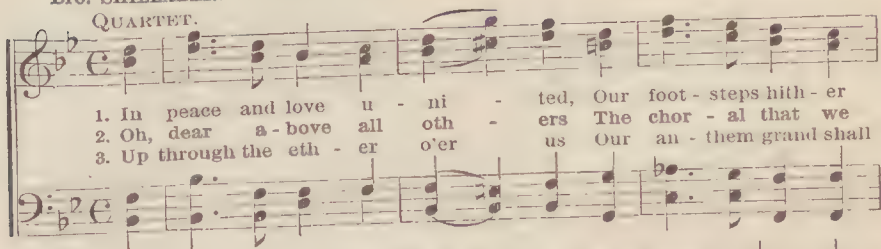
Come the so-cial lodge sur-round-ing, Filled with sym-pa-thy and joy.
Grant us boun-ti-ful re-freshment, In Thine up-per Lodge at home.

No. 6. ANNIVERSARY. 7s & 6s, (Opening Ode).

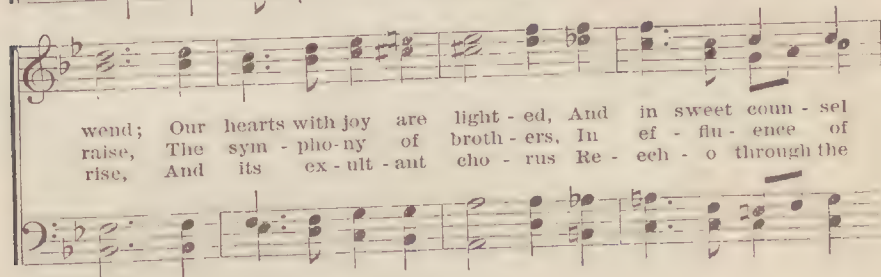
Bro. SHILLABER.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

QUARTET.

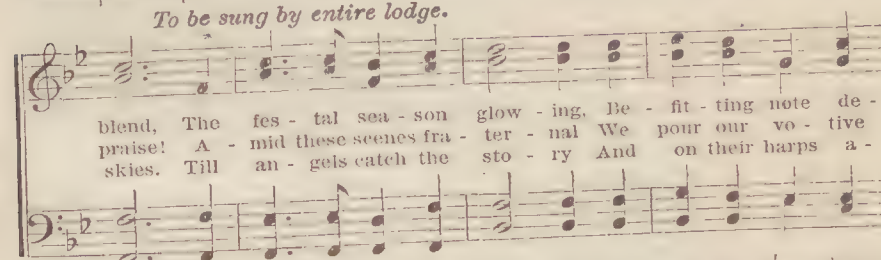


1. In peace and love u - ni - ted, Our foot - steps hith - er
 2. Oh, dear a - bove all oth - ers The chor - al that we
 3. Up through the eth - er o'er us Our an - them grand shall

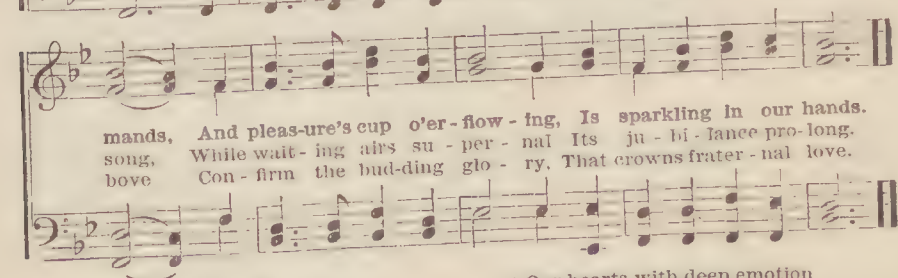


wend; Our hearts with joy are light - ed, And in sweet coun - sel
 raise, The sym - pho - ny of broth - ers, In ef - flu - ence of
 rise, And its ex - ult - ant cho - rus Re - ech - o through the

To be sung by entire lodge.



blend, The fes - tal sea - son glow - ing, Be - fit - ting note de -
 praise! A - mid these scenes fra - ter - nal We pour our vo - tive
 skies. Till an - gels catch the sto - ry And on their harps a -



mands, And pleas - ure's cup o'er - flow - ing, Is sparkling in our hands.
 song, While wait - ing airs su - per - nal Its ju - bi - lance pro - long.
 bove Con - firm the bud - ding glo - ry, That crowns frater - nal love.

4 Here may that love attending,
 A firmer tenure frame,
 And out through time unending
 Burn with a purer flame;
 Its altar-fires far streaming,
 With true and steady ray,
 To gladden by their gleaming,
 And light the pilgrim's way.


5 Our hearts with deep emotion
 Go forth in grateful trust,
 And, thrilling with devotion,
 Give God the tribute just.
 His smile has failed us never,
 His hand our weakness stayed;
 His, be our praise forever.
 In word and deed displayed.

No. 7.

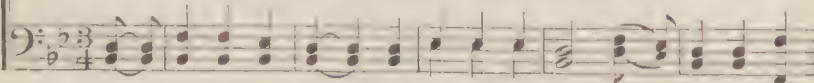

OPENING ODE.

S. M. CALKINS.

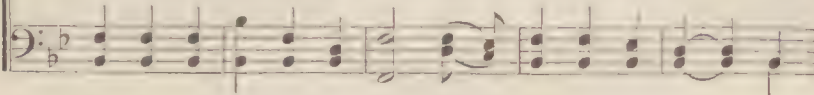

Art. by POWELL G. FITHIAN.





1. Come, broth-ers, as - sem-ble, the pleasures to share, Where we meet on the
2. If we meet in our place, and live by the rule, And walk by the


lev - el, and part on the square, Where the watchword is love, and
lights which en - cir - cle the soul, We all find a lodge and

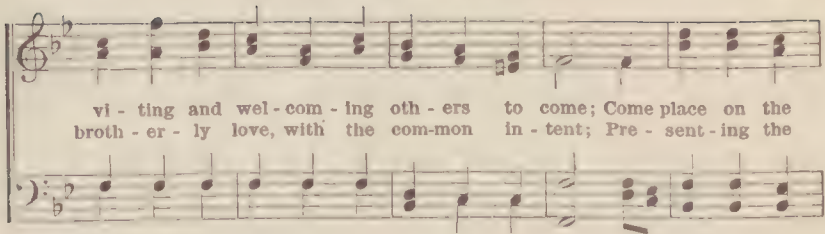
strife is un-known, Save striv-ing to hon - or the wid - ow's lone
tem - ple of rest Where the Grand Master rules o'er the loved and the

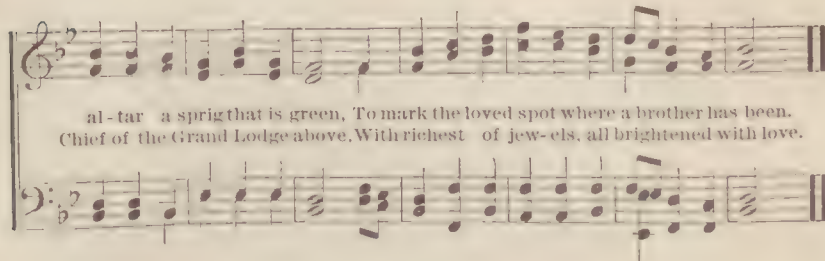
son; Where the rich and the poor u - nite on the plumb, In -
blest; Come then with the trowel and spread the ce - ment Of



OPENING ODE.



vi - ting and wel - com - ing oth - ers to come; Come place on the
broth - er - ly love, with the com - mon in - tent; Pre - sent - ing the



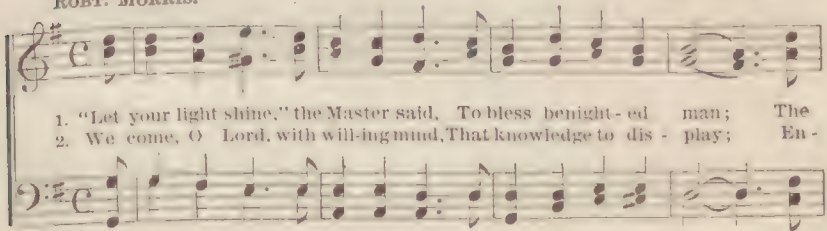
al - tar a sprig that is green, To mark the loved spot where a brother has been.
Chief of the Grand Lodge above, With richest of jew - els, all brightened with love.

No. 8.

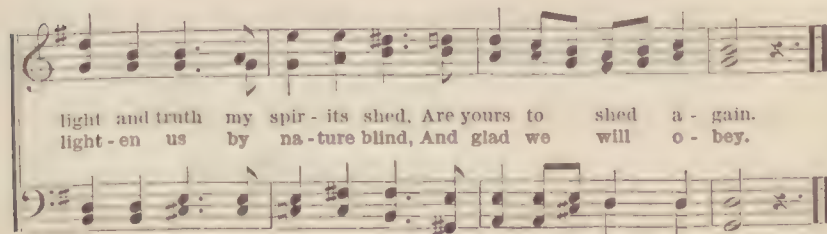
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

ROBT. MORRIS.

P. G. FITHIAN.



1. "Let your light shine," the Master said, To bless benight - ed man; The
2. We come, O Lord, with will - ing mind, That knowledge to dis - play; En -



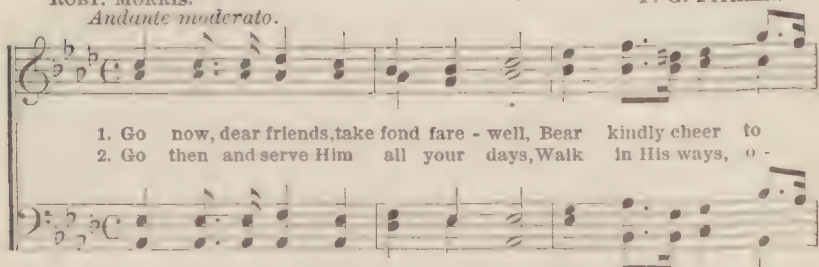
light and truth my spir - its shed, Are yours to shed a - gain.
light - en us by na - ture blind, And glad we will o - bey.

No. 9. CLOSING ODE (St. John's Day).

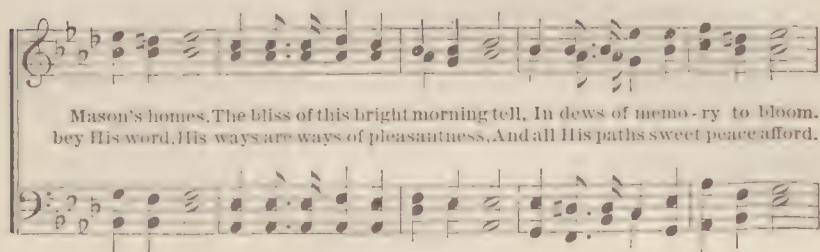
ROBT. MORRIS.

P. G. FITHIAN.

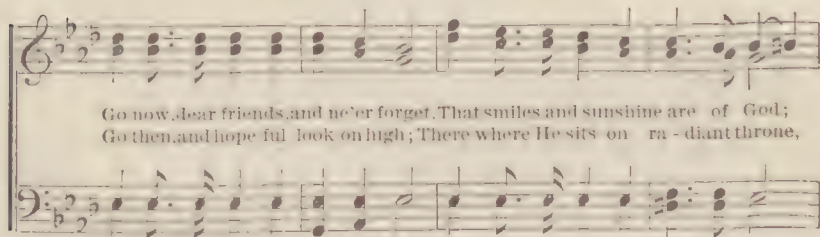
Andante moderato.



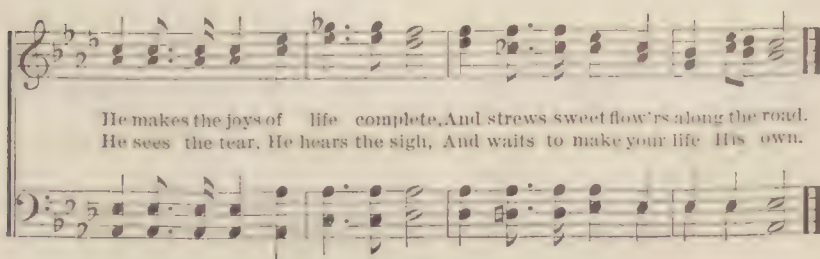
1. Go now, dear friends, take fond fare - well, Bear kindly cheer to
2. Go then and serve Him all your days, Walk in His ways, o -



Mason's homes, The bliss of this bright morning tell, In dews of memo - ry to bloom.
bey His word, His ways are ways of pleasantness, And all His paths sweet peace afford.



Go now, dear friends, and ne'er forget, That smiles and sunshine are of God;
Go then, and hope - ful look on high; There where He sits on ra - diant throne,



He makes the joys of life complete, And strews sweet flow'rs along the road.
He sees the tear, He hears the sigh, And waits to make your life His own.

No. 10.

OPENING HYMN.

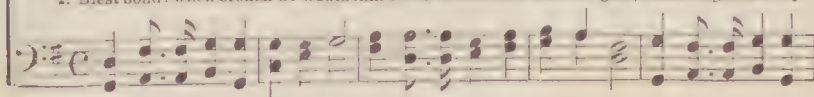
Dedicated to Mr. Al. Gregory, of Philadelphia

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

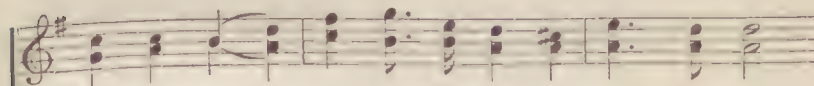
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



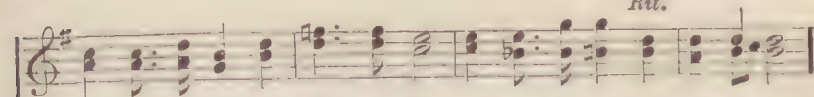
1. O happy hour when Masons meet! O rarest joys that Masons greet! Each in-ter-wov-en
 2. Blest bond! when broken we would fain Unite the severed links a - gain, Would urge the tardy



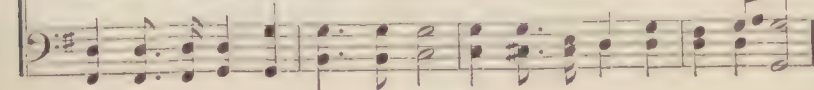
with the oth - er, And brother tru - ly joined with brother; In in - tercourse that
 hours a - long To spend the wealth of light and song That makes the lodge a



none can daunt, Linked by the ties of Cov - e - nant;
 sa - cred spot; Oh, be the sea - son ne'er for - got,

*Rit.*

In in - tercourse that none can daunt, Linked by the ties of Cov - e - nant.
 That takes us from a world of care To hap - py scenes where Masons are.



*
1. Be - hold in the East our new Mas - ter ap - pears! Come,

broth - ers we'll greet him with hearts all sin - cere; Be - hold in the East our new

Mas - ter ap - pears! Come, brothers we'll greet him with hearts all sincere; We'll

serve him with free - dom, fer - vor, and zeal, And aid him his du - ties and

INSTALLATION.

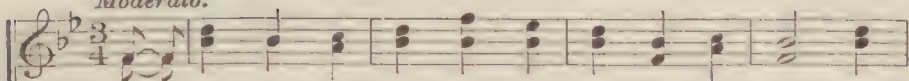
trust to ful - fill; We'll serve him with free - dom, fer - vor, and

zeal, And aid him his du - ties and trust to ful - fill. And

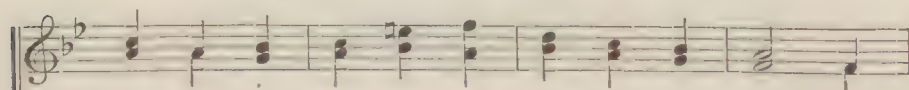
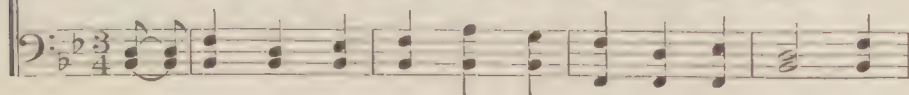
aid him his du - ties and trust to ful - fill.

2 In the West see the Warden with level in hand,
The Master to aid, and obey his command;
We'll aid him with freedom, fervor, and zeal,
And help him his duties and trust to fulfill.

3 In the South see the Warden by Plumb stand upright,
Who watches the sun, and takes notes of its flight;
We'll aid him with freedom, fervor, and zeal,
And help him his duties and trust to fulfill.

Moderato.

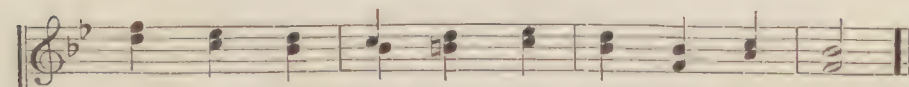
1. Be - hold in the East our new Mas - ter ap - pears! Come,
 2. In the West see the War - den with lev - el in hand, The
 3. In the South see the War - den by Plumb stand up - right, Who



broth - ers, we'll greet him with hearts all sin - cere; We'll
 Mas - ter to aid, and o - bey his com - mand; We'll
 watch - es the sun, and takes notes of its flight; We'll



serve him with free - dom, with fer - vor and zeal, And
 aid him with free - dom, with fer - vor and zeal, And
 aid him with free - dom, with fer - vor and zeal, And



aid him his du - ties and trust to ful - fil.
 help him his du - ties and trust to ful - fil.
 help him his du - ties and trust to ful - fil.



No. 13.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

* *Allegro moderato.*

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

ff

Thro' the lodge, ce - les - tial sound - ing, "Let there be light;"

Tells of faith and hope a - bound - ing, "Let there be light;"

Faith in God, its rays re - veal - ing, While the glo - rious

an - them peal - ing, While the glo - rious an - them peal - ing, "Let their be light."

No. 14.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

To Joseph C. Cowgill, Mt. Holly Lodge, No. 14.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Allegro moderato.

BARI-TONE SOLO.

In the be-gin-ning God creat-ed the heav-en and the

ff

earth. And the earth was with-out form, and

void; And darkness was up -

rit. *a tempo.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

on the face of the deep. And the Spir - it of

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal melody is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics 'on the face of the deep. And the Spir - it of' are written below the vocal staff.

God moved up on the face of the wa - ters. And God said,

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the lower two staves. The lyrics 'God moved up on the face of the wa - ters. And God said,' are written below the vocal staff.

fff *Decisive.*

Let there be light: And there was light.

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The lyrics 'Let there be light: And there was light.' are written below the vocal staff. The system begins with a fortissimo (*fff*) dynamic marking and the instruction 'Decisive.' above the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment also features a fortissimo (*fff*) dynamic marking.

No. 15. WELCOME TO THE GRAND OFFICERS.

To be sung upon the entrance of the Grand Officers as they are approaching the altar.
Allegro maestoso.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Hail, Grand Mas-ter! Hail, Grand Wardens! Hail, Grand Officers, "Good Cheer!"

* See the Brethren stand to greet you, You will find a wel-come here.

* In many instances, the name of the Lodge may be used with good effect; for example, Camden's Brethren stand etc., or Trenton's Brethren etc.

No. 16. PEACE TO THE MEMORY, (Dirge.)

Dedicated to Jacob H. Lippincott.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Adagio.

Peace to the mem'ry of the dead, Tranquil may their slumbers be; Sweet the repose with-

in the grave, Peace, peace to thee, Peace to the mem'ry of the dead,

Peace to the mem'ry of the dead, Peace, peace to thee, Peace to the dead.

No. 17.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

GEO. M. BAKER.

ARNDT. Arr. P. G. F.

1. { Thro' the Lodge ce-les-tial sounding, "Let there be light," } "Let there be light."
 { Tells of faith and hope a-bounding, "Let there be light," }

No. 18. ALMIGHTY FATHER. Hymn. (E. A.)

F. MOHRING.

** Moderato.*

1. Al-might-y Fa-ther, God of love, Be-hold Thy ser-vant here! Oh,
 2. Tho' darksome skies shall o'er him lower, And dangers fill the way: Sup-

may he trust in Thee a-lone, Oh, may he trust in Thee a-lone: Free
 port him with Thy gracious pow'r Sup-port him with Thy gracious pow'r. And

Thou his heart from fear, Free Thou his heart from fear.
 be his con-stant stay, And be his con-stant stay.

No. 19.

LIGHT.

Respectfully dedicated to Bro. John O. K. Roberts.

By POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Allegro moderato.

1. Light, Light, Light, In - fi - nite, In - fi - nite Light! The

The first system of musical notation for 'LIGHT.' It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics '1. Light, Light, Light, In - fi - nite, In - fi - nite Light! The' are written below the treble staff.

mountains were melt - ed a - way, the mountains were melt-ed a -

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'mountains were melt - ed a - way, the mountains were melt-ed a -' are written below the treble staff.

way. Ten thousand, thousand seraphims bright Were lost in a blaze of

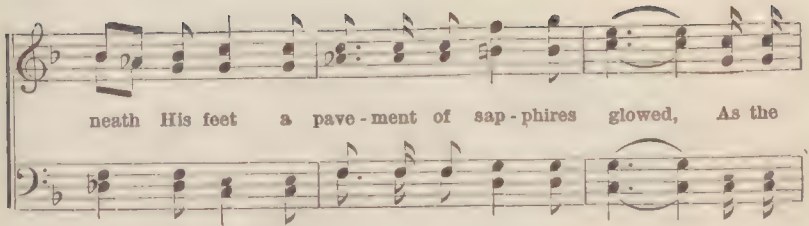
The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'way. Ten thousand, thousand seraphims bright Were lost in a blaze of' are written below the treble staff.

day, were lost in a blaze of day; For God was there and be -

The fourth system of musical notation. It includes performance markings: *piu ritard.* (more slowing down) and *p dolente.* (piano, with a sorrowful expression). The lyrics 'day, were lost in a blaze of day; For God was there and be -' are written below the treble staff.

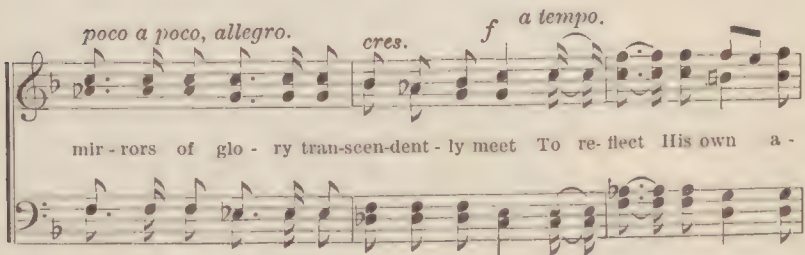
Treble played octave lower than written.

LIGHT.



neath His feet a pave-ment of sap-phires glowed, As the

poco a poco, allegro. *cres.* *f* *a tempo.*



mir-rors of glo-ry tran-scen-dent-ly meet To re-flect His own a -



bode, To re-flect His own a - bode.

2 Love, Love, Love, Infinite, Infinite, Love!
 The lowly lady of grace, the lowly lady of grace
 Bows underneath the o'ershadowing dove,
 Her eternal Son to embrace, her eternal Son to embrace;
 For God is there, the ancient of days,
 An infant in human years,
 Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,
 And nature is wrapt in tears, and nature is wrapt in tears.

No. 20. REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR. (Solo Chant.)

*Respectfully dedicated to M. Harmer Brooks,
Mozart Quartet, of Philadelphia.*

**Moderato.*

By P. G. FITHIAN.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days

come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened,

p cres.

nor the clouds re - turn af - ter the rain:

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves.

and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

cres. *dim.*

mp

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,

mp

and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

ppp

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way,

and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail:

because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Piu agitato. *rit.*
Or ev-er the sil-ver cord be-loos'd, or the gold-en bowl be-brok-en,
Org. Point. (26)

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

a tempo 1 mo.

or the pitcher be brok-en at the fount-ain, or the wheel brok-en at the cis-tern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:

and the spirit shall re - turn un - to God who gave it,

and the spirit shall re - turn unto God who gave it.

No. 21. REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.
Male Quartet.

Dedicated to Mozart Quartet, Philadelphia.

P. G. FITHIAN.

Moderato.

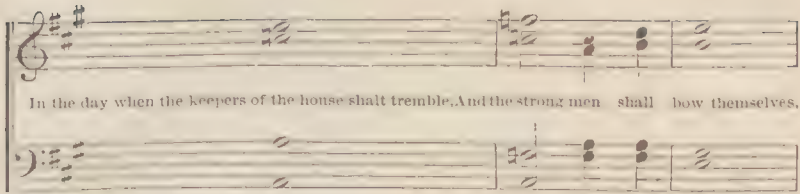
Re-mem-ber now thy Cre-a-tor in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come

not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleas-ure in them; While the

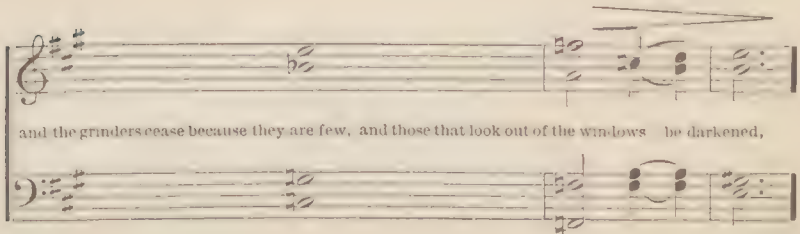
sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not dark-ened

Nor the clouds re-turn af-ter the rain:

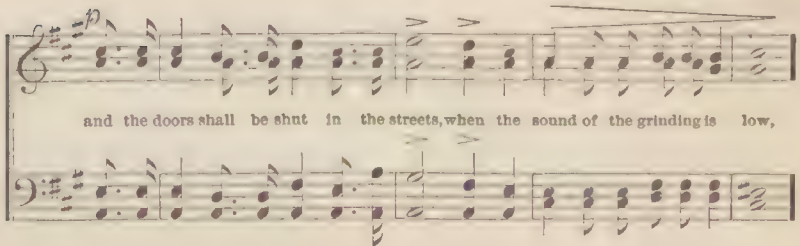
REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.



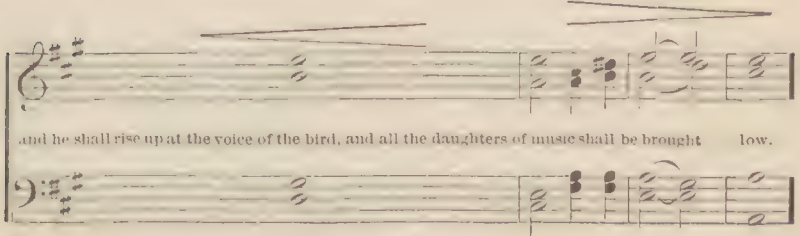
In the day when the keepers of the house shalt tremble, And the strong men shall bow themselves,



and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,



and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,



and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

mf

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fear shall be in the way,

and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail

be - cause man go - eth to his long home and the mourner's go a - bout the streets:

piu mosso. *rit.* *a tempo.*

Or ev - er the al - ver cord be loosed, or the gold - en bowl be bro - ken, or the

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

pitch - er be brok - en at the fount - ain, or the

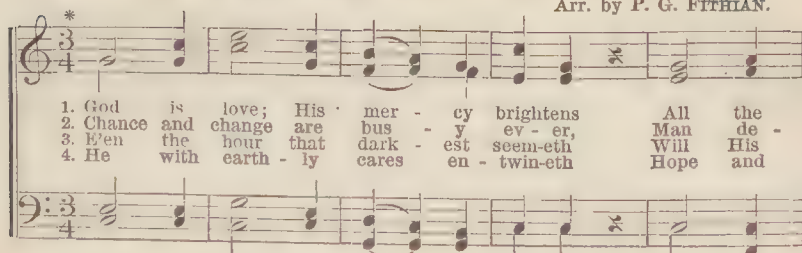
wheel be brok - en at the cis - tern. Then shall the dust return to the


earth as it was: and the spirit shall re - turn un - to

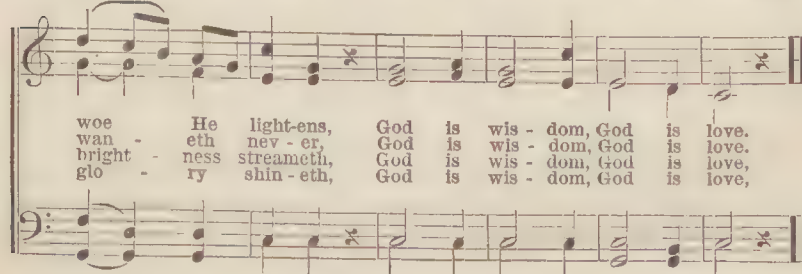
God who gave it, and the spirit shall re - turn un - to God who gave it.

No. 22. GOD IS LOVE. 8s & 7s. (Rathbun.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

*

 1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er, Man de-
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His
 4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and


 paths in which we move, Bliss He wakes and
 cays and a - ges move; But His mer - ey
 change - less good - ness prove; From the gloom - His
 com - fort from a - bove; Ev - 'ry where His


 woe He light-ens, God is wis - dom, God is love.
 wan - eth nev - er, God is wis - dom, God is love.
 bright - ness stream-eth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
 glo - ry shin - eth, God is wis - dom, God is love.

No. 23.

Fellow Craft. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief above the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven born art thou, Charity.
- 2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To Thy heavenly Father's will.
- 3 Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end,
Claiming all mankind as brethren,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

No. 24. MASTER MASON. 7s. (Gottschalk.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Hear my prayer, Je - ho - vah hear! Lis - ten
2. Hide not then, Thy gra - cious face, When the

to storm my hum - ble cries; See the day of
a - round me falls; Hear me, O Thou

troub - le near, Heav - y on my soul it lies.
God of grace, In the time Thy ser - vant calls..

No. 25.

Opening or Closing.

- 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.
- 2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from care and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

No. 26. FELLOW CRAFT. 8s & 7s. (Stockwell.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Broth - ers, faith - ful and de - serv - ing, Now the
2. Thus from rank to rank as - cend - ing Mounts the

sec - ond rank you fill, . Pur - chased by your fault - less
Ma - son's path of love; Bright its earth - ly course, and

serv - ing. Lead - ing to a high - er skill.
end - ing In the glo - rious Lodge a - bove.

No. 27.

Opening or Initiation. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Heavenly Father gently bless us,
Lead our every thought above;
Let no earthly care oppress us,
May we all all be filled with love.
- 2 Let no jarring thoughts divide us,
Sweetest harmony be ours;
Wisdom's richest feast provide us
As we pass these happy hours.

No. 28. CLOSING SONG. C. M. Double.
(Auld Lang Syne.)

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind, Should
2. Then here 's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand of thine. We'll

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang
take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld, for auld lang

syne. For auld lange syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll

take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

No. 29. Installation. C. M. Double.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 To Him who rules be homage paid,
Where hearts with voice unite;
To Him we bring fraternal aid,
Who guides in solemn rite.
Come, Brothers, bound by kindly ties,
Your notes harmonious bring,
While acts of generous sacrifice,
In thoughts of love we sing.</p> | <p>2 As days and years roll silent by,
As time's sad changes rise,
No doubt shall dim the trusting eye,
Where rule the good and wise.
To Him who rules be homage paid,
Where hearts with voice unite;
Till life shall cease, and time shall fade,
We'll bring our solemn plight.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 30. DENNIS. S. M. (Opening or Closing.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in vir-tuous love: The

fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comfort and our cares.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see that day.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

No. 31.

Funeral Hymn. S. M.

1 Come brethren of the Craft,
Come shed a tear of grief
For our beloved friend bereft
Of life, a sad relief.

2 Kind heaven, let angels wing
Their way to earth again
And waft a soul the guest we bring
To bliss, e'er to remain.

3 Let us the grave behold
And lift our thoughts above,
And mourn our loss as yet untold
And raise him still in love.

No. 32. ST. THOMAS. S. M. (Opening.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Let songs of grate-ful praise, From ev-ery lodge a-rise Let
 2. His mer-cy and His love Are boundless as His name And

ev-'ry heart its trib-ute raise, To God who rules the skies.
 all e-ter-ni-ty shall prove His truth re-mains the same.

No. 33. WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s. (Closing.)

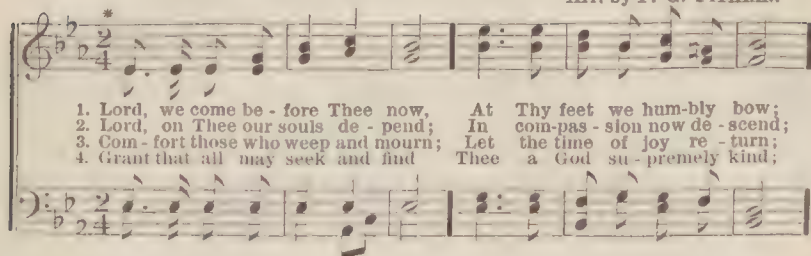
Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Fa-ther hear the pray-er we offer, Not a-lone for peace we cry,
 2. Not with-in the fresh green pastures, Will we ask that we may lie.
 3. Be our strength in ev-'ry weakness; In our doubt be Thou our guide;

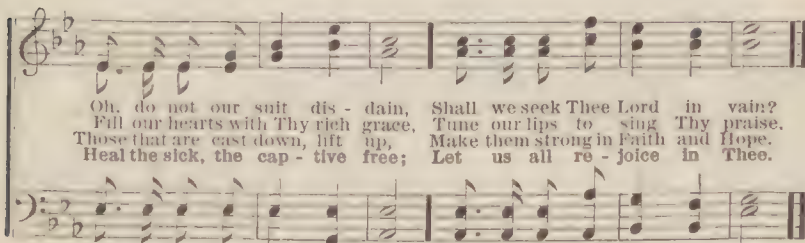
But for grace that we may ev-er, Live our lives cour-age-ous-ly.
 But the steep and rug-ged pathway That we tread re-joice-ing-ly.
 Thro' each per-il, thro' each danger Draw us near-er to Thy side.

No. 34. TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s. (Opening.)

Air. by P. G. FITHIAN.



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com-pas-sion now de - scend;
 3. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn;
 4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - preme-ly kind;



Oh, do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee Lord in vain?
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Those that are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in Faith and Hope.
 Heal the sick, the cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in Thee.

No. 35. MOORE. P. M. (Opening Ode.)

ROBT. MORRIS.

PSALM CXXXIII.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. How pleas-ant is the scene, Where Ma - sons kind - ly dwell, Where
 2. How good the searching word, That from the East de - scends, It
 3. How strong the Ma - son tie, It holds the will - ing band, 'Tis
 4. How sa - cred is the place, Be - hold, He dwell-eth here! His



mys - tic ta - pers burn se - rene, And hymns fra - ter - nal swell.
 speaks the un - erring law of God, And rich - est grace at - tend.
 wove in gold - en un - ni - ty, By God's mys - te - rious hand.
 dew de - scends in night - ly grace, Our lov - ing Craft to cheer.

No. 36. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT. (Master Mason.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

Lead kind-ly light a-mid th'en-circling gloom Lead Thou me

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

on, The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

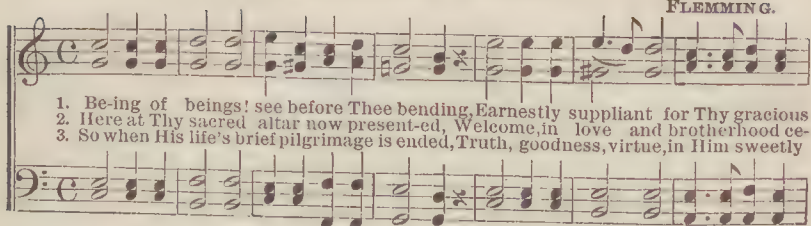
The dis-tant scene one step e-nough for me.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It features a final cadence in both staves. The lyrics are written below the notes.

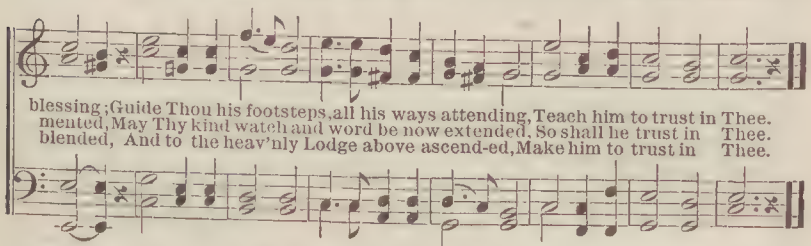
No. 37.

INITIATION HYMN.

FLEMING.

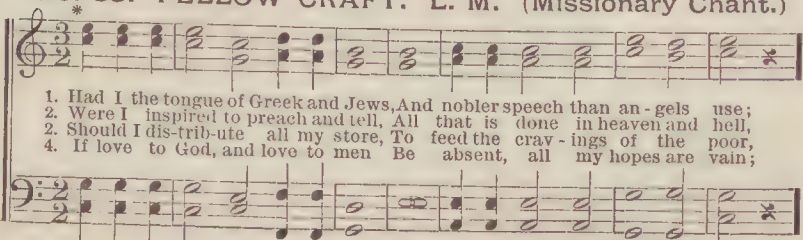


1. Be-ing of beings! see before Thee bending, Earnestly suppliant for Thy gracious
 2. Here at Thy sacred altar now present-ed, Welcome, in love and brotherhood ce-
 3. So when His life's brief pilgrimage is ended, Truth, goodness, virtue, in Him sweetly

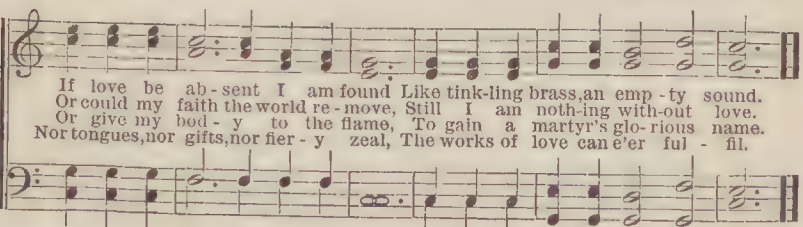


bleasing; Guide Thou his footsteps, all his ways attending, Teach him to trust in Thee.
 mented, May Thy kind watch and word be now extended, So shall he trust in Thee.
 blended, And to the heav'nly Lodge above ascend-ed, Make him to trust in Thee.

No. 38. FELLOW CRAFT. L. M. (Missionary Chant.)



1. Had I the tongue of Greek and Jews, And nobler speech than an-gels use;
 2. Were I inspired to preach and tell, All that is done in heaven and hell,
 3. Should I dis-trib-ute all my store, To feed the crav-ings of the poor,
 4. If love to God, and love to men Be absent, all my hopes are vain;



If love be ab-sent I am found Like tink-ling brass, an emp-ty sound.
 Or could my faith the world re-move, Still I am noth-ing with-out love.
 Or give my bod-y to the flame, To gain a martyr's glo-rious name.
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fier-y zeal, The works of love can e'er ful-fil.

No. 39.

Initiation or Crafting. L. M.

- 1 Oh, guide him through the various maze,
 His doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
 And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
 When dangers press around his head.
- 2 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep his eyes oppress,
- Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 3 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper shade shall leave his eyes,
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

No. 40. MERCY. C. M. (Fellow Craft.)

H. G. BARROWS.

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. O char - i - ty, Thou heav - en - ly guest, De - scend - ed from a - bove, Dwell
2. May we, by Thy sweet influ - ence mov'd, Be prompt to act our part, To

in our souls, and fill our hearts With true fra - ter - nal love.
car - ry mes - sa - ges of peace, To ev - 'ry wound - ed heart.

No. 41.

Opening or Closing.

- 1 May our united hearts expand
With love's refreshing showers,
Whose warm and kindling glow is felt
To cheer our saddest hours.

- 2 Before our treasured shrine we bow
In gratitude sublime,
Implo - ring still God's saving grace
Through all of coming time.

No. 42.

BARBER. L. M. (Initiation.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. While journeying on our homeward way, By love fra - ter - nal gent - ly led;
2. No fear shall cross the trust - ing heart, Our faith re - posed on Him a - bove;
3. When earthly ties shall fade and die; When earthly joys shall come no more;

Supreme Con - due - tor! thee we pray To smoo - th the dan - gerous path we tread.
No dear - er joy can life im - part Than gent - ly breathes in words of love.
Supreme Con - due - tor! then sup - ply Thy ho - ly aid, when time is o'er.

No. 43.

Initiation. L. M.

- 1 Far from the world's cold strife and pride,
Come join our peaceful, happy band;
Come stranger, we your feet will guide,
Where truth and love shall hold com - mand.

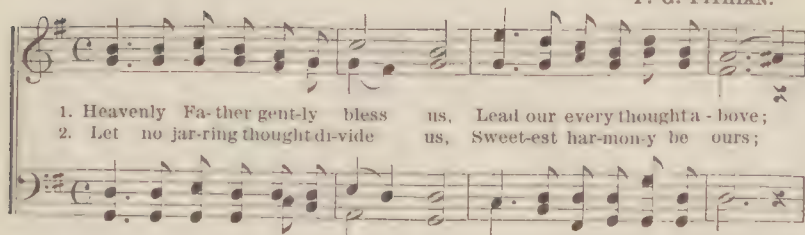
A brother's faithful hand shall lead
Where doubt and darkness disappear.

- 2 Although in untried paths you tread,
And filled, perhaps, with anxious fear;

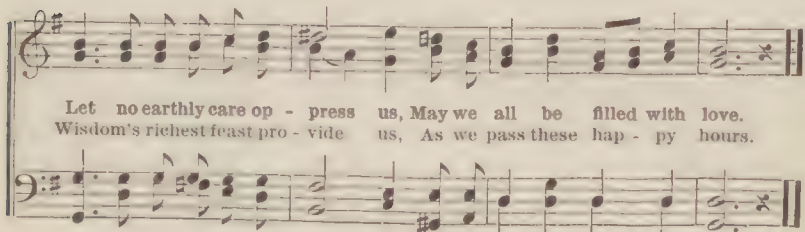
- 3 There may you in our labors join
And prove yourself a brother true;
All sordid, selfish cares resign,
And keep our sacred truths in view.

No. 44. LIPPINCOTT. 8s & 7s. (Initiation or Closing.)

P. G. FITHIAN.



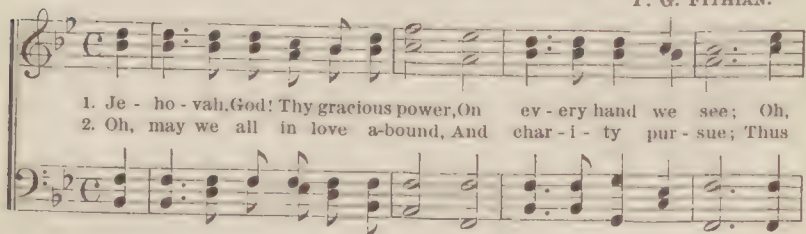
1. Heavenly Fa-ther gen-tly bless us, Lead our every thought a - bove;
2. Let no jar-ring thought di-vide us, Sweet-est har-mon-y be ours;



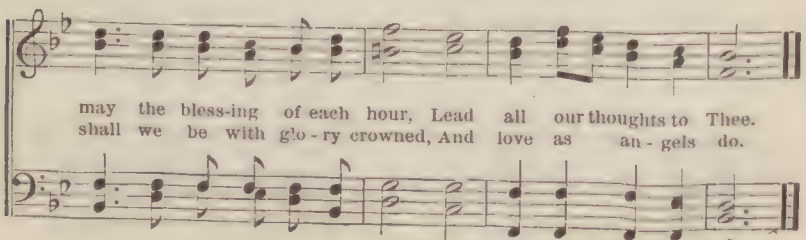
Let no earthly care op - press us, May we all be filled with love.
Wisdom's richest feast pro - vide us, As we pass these hap - py hours.

No. 45. FORTMEYER. C. M. (Opening or Closing.)

P. G. FITHIAN.



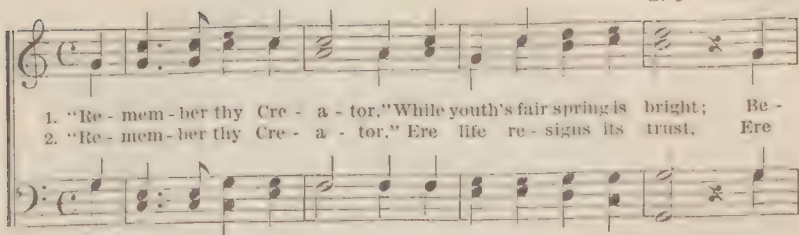
1. Je - ho - vah, God! Thy gracious power, On ev - ery hand we see; Oh,
2. Oh, may we all in love a-bound, And char - i - ty pur - sue; Thus



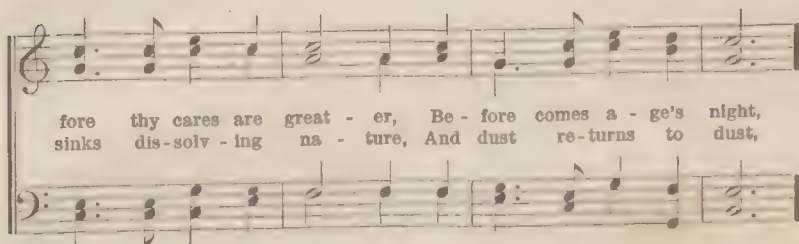
may the bless-ing of each hour, Lead all our thoughts to Thee.
shall we be with glo - ry crowned, And love as an - gels do.

No. 52. REMEMBER THY CREATOR. 7s & 6s.
(Master Mason.)

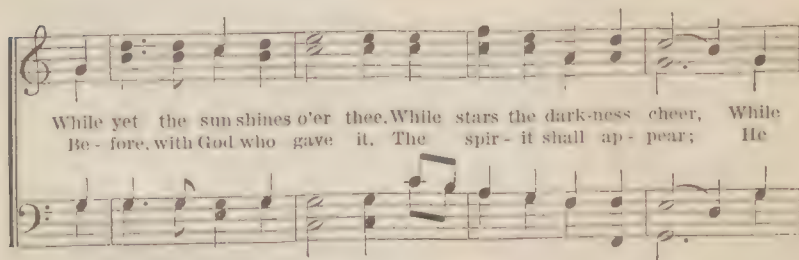
G. J. WEBB.



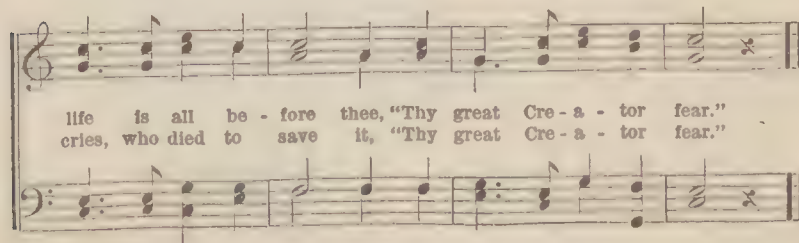
1. "Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor." While youth's fair spring is bright; Be -
2. "Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor." Ere life re - signs its trust, Ere



fore thy cares are great - er, Be - fore comes a - ge's night,
sinks dis - solv - ing na - ture, And dust re - turns to dust,



While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark - ness cheer, While
Be - fore, with God who gave it, The spir - it shall ap - pear; He



life is all be - fore thee, "Thy great Cre - a - tor fear."
cries, who died to save it, "Thy great Cre - a - tor fear."

No. 53.

NAOMI. C. M. (Opening.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. E - ter - nal wis - dom, Thee we praise, Thee all Thy creatures sing;
2. Although with pow'r and e - qual skill, Thine thro' the worlds a - broad;

While with Thy name, rocks, hills and seas, And heavens high arch - es ring.
Our souls with vast a - maze - ment fill; And speak the build - er God.

No. 54.

Closing.

1 Now we must close our labors here,
Though sad it is to part
May love, relief, and truth sincere,
Unite each brother's heart.

2 Now to homes let's haste away
Still filled with love and light,
And may each heart in kindness say
Good-night, brother, good-night.

No. 55.

TIVERTON. C. M. (Initiation.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Spir - it of power and might! be-hold Thy will - ing ser - vant here; With
2. Tho' darksome skies may o'er him lower, And dan - gers fill the way; Sup -

Thy pro - tee - tion him en-hold, And free his heart from fear.
port him with Thy gracious power, And be his constant stay.

No. 56.

Initiation or Crafting. C. M.

1 Oh, welcome, brother, to our band,
Though strong its numbers now,
And high its lofty pillars stand,
And noble arches bow.

And bear our offerings to the skies
For him who joins us now.

2 Now let our ardent prayers arise,
For blessings on his brow,

3 Oh, welcome; if thy heart be true,
Thou'lt find with us a home;
We daily adding columns new
Unto our glorious dome.

No. 57. HOWARD. S. M. (Opening or Closing.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Great source of light and love! To Thee our songs we raise; Oh,
 2. Bless Thou the fes-tive day, Pros-per its hoped de-sign; Be
 3. May this fra-ter-nal band, Thus con-se-crat-ed, blest; For

in Thy tem-ple, Lord, a-bove, Hear and ac-cept our praise.
 Thou our guide, our help, our stay, Be all our glo-ry, Thine.
 love and truth dis-tin-guished stand, In pu-ri-ty be dressed.

No. 58. HOUGH. C. M. (Master Mason.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.

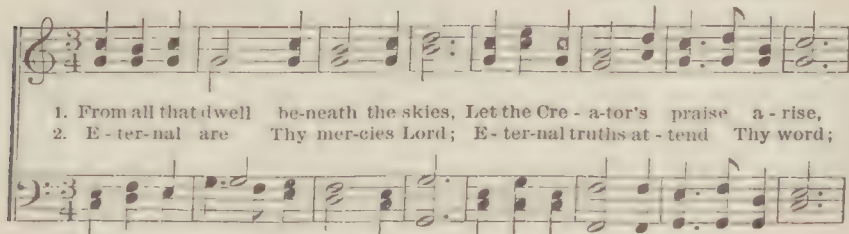
1. Life is a span, a fleet-ing hour, How soon the va-por flies;
 2. Few are thy days and full of woe, O man, of wom-an born;

Man is a ten-der, tran-sient flower, That e'en in bloom-ing dies.
 Thy doom is writ-ten, dust thou art, And shall to dust re-turn.

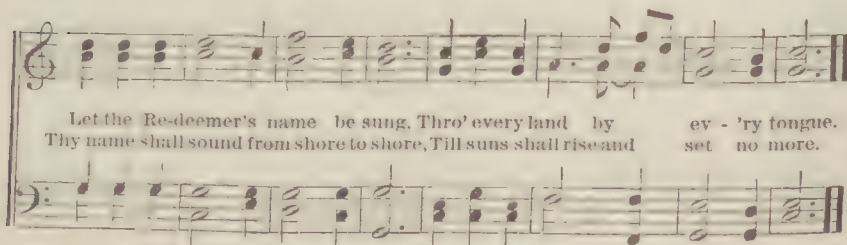
No. 59.

MENDON. L. M. (Closing.)

Arr. by P. G. FITHIAN.



1. From all that dwell be-neath the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise,
2. E-ter-nal are Thy mer-cies Lord; E-ter-nal truths at-tend Thy word;



Let the Re-deemer's name be sung, Thro' every land by ev-'ry tongue.
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

No. 60.

Fellow Craft. L. M.

- 1 Offspring of heaven, mankind's best friend, 2 Come then All Bounteous as Thou art,
Bright charity, inspire our lay; And hide Thee from our sight no more;
On these terrestrial shores descend Touch every soul, expand each heart
And quit the realms of cloudless day. That breathes on freedom's chosen shore.

No. 61.

Master Mason. L. M.

- 1 Dangers of every form attend 2 Then put your trust in Him alone,
Your steps, as onward you proceed; Who rules all things above, below;
No earthly power can now befriend Send your petitions to His throne,
Or aid you in this time of need. For He alone can help you now.

No. 62.

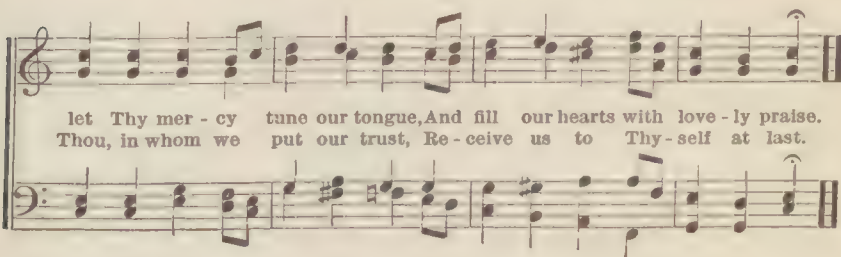
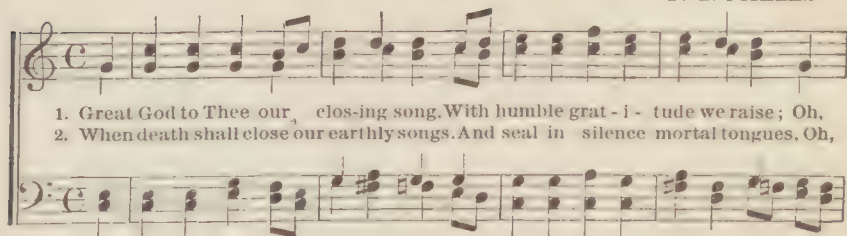
Dedication. L. M. (Closing.)

- 1 Great Architect of heaven and earth, 3 'T was reared in honor of Thy name;
To whom all nature owes its birth, Here kindle, Lord, the sacred flame;
Thou spoke, and vast creation stood, Oh! make it burn in every heart,
Surveyed the work—pronounced it good, And never from this place depart.
- 2 Lord, can'st Thou deign to own and bless 4 Lord, here the want of all supply,
This humble dome, this sacred place? And fit our souls to dwell on high;
Oh! let Thy spirit's presence shine From service in this humble place,
Within these walls—this house of Thine. Raise us to praise Thee face to face.

No. 63.

ROBARTS. L. M. (Closing.)

P. G. FITHIAN.



No. 64.

Closing. L. M.

- 1 We offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
 And thank Thee for Thy grace bestowed
 In leading us beneath Thy care
 Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.
- 2 Whatever to our lot may fall
 What toilsome duties to fulfill
 We do not know; but in them all
 Be Thou our strength and comfort still.

No. 65.

Master Mason. L. M.

- 1 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away, our life's a dream,
 An empty tale, a morning flower
 Cut down, and withered in an hour.
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
 And kindly lengthened our span,
 Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
 Prepared to die and dwell with Thee.

FAMILIAR HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR ENTIRE LODGE,

AND

OPENING AND CLOSING.

No. 66. DOXOLOGY. (Old Hundred.)

1. Great Arch-i - tect of heaven and earth, To whom all na- ture owes its birth; At
 2. Lord God, Thou deign to own and bless, This humble dome, this sa- cred place; Oh,
 3. Lord, here the wants of all sup- ply, And fit our souls to dwell on high; From

Thy command cre - a - tion stood Com- plete in form, Thy work is good.
 let Thy spir - it's presen- ce shine With - in these walls, this house of Thine.
 ser - vice in this hum - ble place Raise us to praise Thee face to face.

No. 67.

Closing. L. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Great God, to Thee our closing song,
 With humble gratitude we raise;
 Oh, let Thy mercy tune our tongue,
 And fill our hearts with lively praise.</p> | <p>2 Let faith and hope our eyelids close;
 With sleep refresh our feeble frame;
 Safe in Thy care may we repose,
 And wake with praises to Thy name.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 68.

Opening. L. M.

- 1 Be Thou exalted oh, our God,
 Above the heaven's where angels dwell;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land Thy wonders tell.

No. 69.

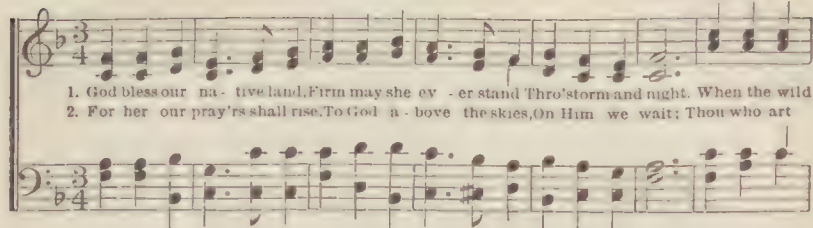
Opening. L. M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Pour out Thy spirit from on high,
 Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe with Thy righteousness.</p> | <p>2 Within this temple, where we stand
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee;
 In favor bless this chosen band
 With wisdom, strength, and unity.</p> |
|---|--|

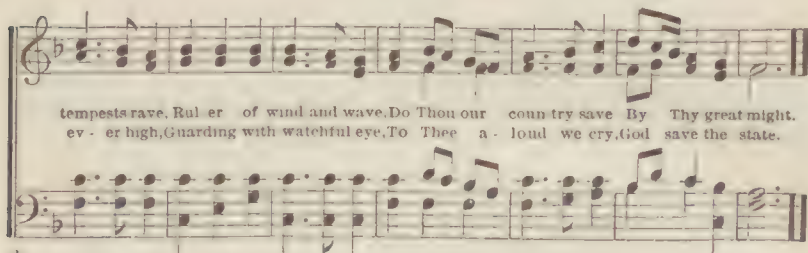
No. 70.

AMERICA. (Original.)

HENRY CAREY.



1. God bless our na-tive land, Firm may she ev-er stand Thro' storm and night. When the wild
2. For her our pray'rs shall rise, To God a-bove the skies, On Him we wait; Thou who art



tempests rave, Rul-er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might.
ev-er high, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee a-loud we cry, God save the state.

No. 71.

Opening or Closing. 6s & 4s.

- 1 Hail! Brother Masons, hail!
Let friendship long prevail,
And bind us fast;
May harmony and peace
Our happiness increase,
And friendship never cease,
While life doth last.
- 2 Sincerity and love,
Descending from above,
Our minds employ;
Morality our pride,
And truth our constant guide,
With us are close allies,
And form our joy.

- 3 We on the Level meet,
And every brother greet,
Skilled in our art;
And when our labors past,
Each brother's hand we'll grasp,
Then on the Square at last,
Friendly we'll part.
- 4 May wisdom be our care
And virtue form the Square
By which we live;
That we at last may join
That heavenly Lodge sublime,
Where we shall perfect shine
With God above.

No. 72.

Closing. 6s & 4s.

When our last labor's o'er,
And scene of life no more,
Charm our frail sight;
Then in God's holy care,
May each protection share,
Bliss and unending there
In perfect light.

No. 73. WALLACE. C. M. (Opening.)

1. E - ter - nal wis - dom, Thee we praise, Thee all Thy creatures sing; While
2. Although pow - er and e - qual skill, Thine thro' the worlds a - broad; Our

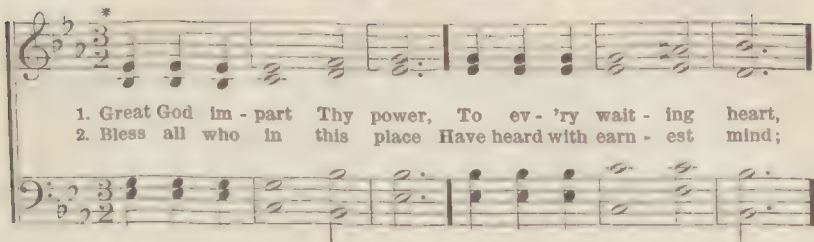
with Thy name,—rocks, hills and seas And heaven's high arches ring.
souls with vast a - maze-ment fill; And speak the build - er God.

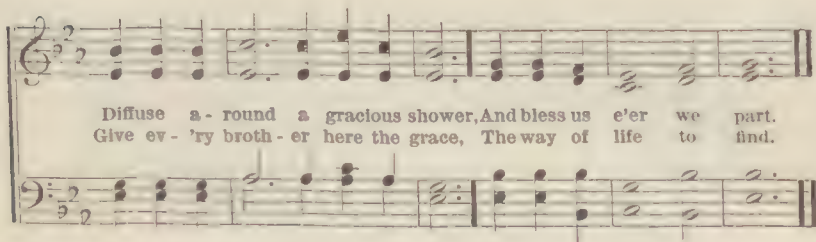
No. 74. SCHUMANN. S. M. (Opening.)

1. Let songs of grate - ful praise From ev - 'ry lodge a - rise,
2. His mer - cy and His love Are boundless as His name,

Let ev - 'ry heart its tri - bute raise To God who rules the skies.
And all e - ter - ni - ty shall prove His truth re-mains the same.

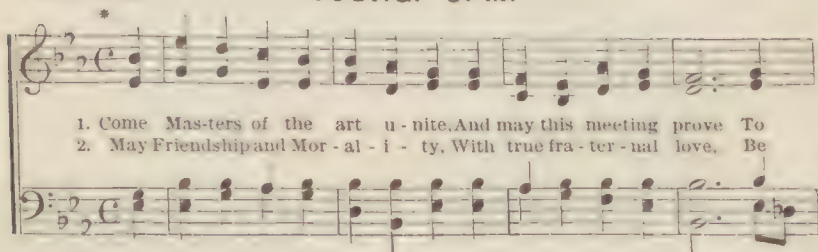
No. 75. CAPELLO. S. M. (Closing Hymn.)

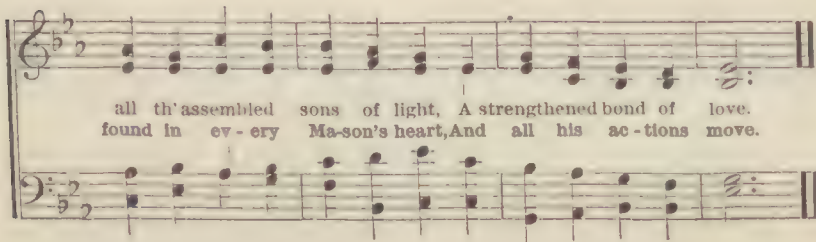

^{*}
 1. Great God im - part Thy power, To ev - 'ry wait - ing heart,
 2. Bless all who in this place Have heard with earn - est mind;


 Diffuse a - round a gracious shower, And bless us e'er we part.
 Give ev - 'ry broth - er here the grace, The way of life to find.

No. 76.

YOUNG. C. M.


^{*}
 1. Come Mas - ters of the art u - nite, And may this meeting prove To
 2. May Friendship and Mor - al - i - ty, With true fra - ter - nal love, Be


 all th'assembled sons of light, A strengthened bond of love.
 found in ev - ery Ma - son's heart, And all his ac - tions move.

No. 77. BLUMENTHAL. 7s D. (Opening.)

1. Met in friendship's kind-ly name, We a-round our al-tar stand,

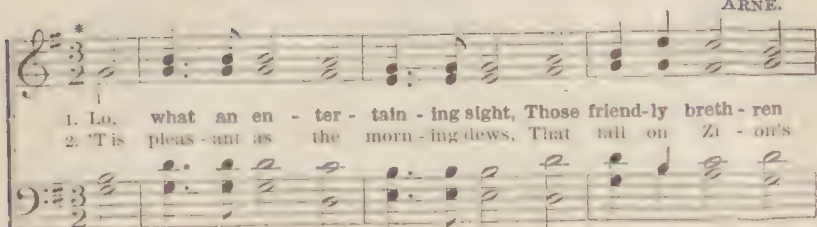
Own-ing each re-lig-i-ous claim, Bow-ing at her strict command,

Here our heart-felt prayers u-nite, For each broth-er whom we love,

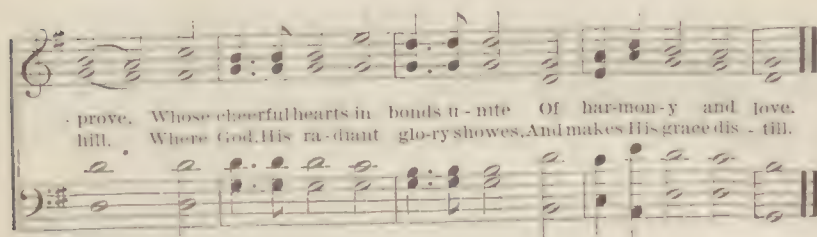
Blest with that pure ho-ly light, Here re-flect-ed from a-bove.

No. 78. ARLINGTON. C. M. (Opening.)

ARNE.

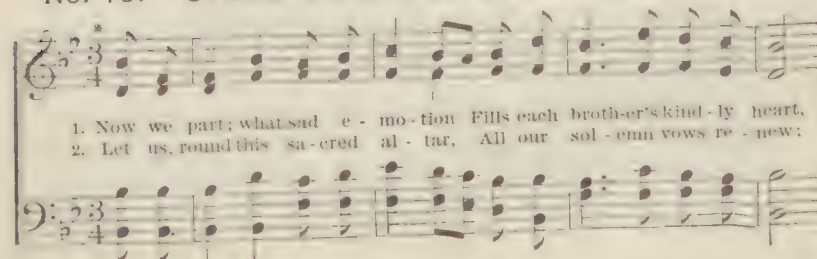


1. Lo, what an en - ter - tain - ing sight, Those friend - ly broth - ren
2. 'Tis pleas - ant as the morn - ing dews, That fall on Zi - on's

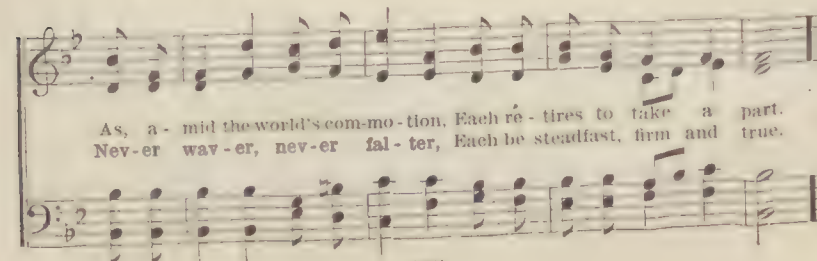


prove. Whose cheerful hearts in bonds u - nite Of har - mon - y and love.
hilt. Where God His ra - diant glo - ry shows, And makes His grace dis - till.

No. 79. STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. (Closing.)



1. Now we part; what sad e - motion Fills each broth - er's kind - ly heart,
2. Let us, round this sa - cred al - tar, All our sol - emn vows re - new:



As, a - mid the world's com - mo - tion, Each re - tires to take a part.
Nev - er wav - er, nev - er fal - ter, Each be steadfast, firm and true.

No. 80. WARE. L. M. (Opening. Master Mason.)

1. Great God, wilt Thou meet with us here, And bless us in our works of love!
 2. May each be found a living stone, For heavenly mansions tried and squared;
 3. By the strong grip of Judah's king May we be raised to realms of peace;

Thy sa-cred name we all re-vere; Oh, grant us blessing from a - bove.
 When all our earth - ly sands are run, The scythe of time find us prepared.
 There constant songs of praise sing, In that Grand Lodge of end - less bliss.

No. 81.

Installation, or Dedication.

- 1 Ye happy few, who here extend
 In perfect lines, from East to West,
 With fervent zeal the Lodge defend,
 And lock its secret in each breast.
- 2 Since ye are met upon the square,
 Bid love and friendship jointly reign;
 Be peace and harmony your care,
 Nor break the adamant chain.
- 3 Behold the planets how they move,
 Yet keep due order as they run;
 Then imitate the stars above,
 And shine resplendent as the sun.
- 4 Then let us celebrate the praise
 Of all who have enriched the art;
 Let gratitude our voices raise,
 And each true brother bear a part.

No. 82.

Opening Hymn.

- 1 From East to West o'er land and sea,
 Where brothers meet and friends agree,
 Let incense rise from hearts sincere,
 The dearest offering gathered here.
- 2 Let notes of praise united tell
 Of thoughts most kind where brothers dwell;
- 3 Our trust reposed on Him alone
 Who ne'er will contrite hearts disown;
 Our faith shall mark that holy light
 Whose beams our dearest joys unite.
- Though clouds may dim our darkened way,
 Some kindly hand shall be our stay.

No. 83.

Closing. L. M.

- 1 Come, brothers, ere tonight we part,
 Join every voice and every heart;
 One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,
 One closing song of grateful praise.
- 2 Here, brothers, we may meet no more;
 But there is yet a happier shore,
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brothers, we shall meet again.

No. 84.

DOWNS. C. M. (Opening.)

1. With - in our tem - ple met a - gain, With hearts and pur - pose strong, We'll
2. A - round our al - tar's sacred shrine, May love's pure incense rise, Bear -

raise our notes of joy - ful praise With un - ion in our song.
ing up - on its mys - tic flame Our mus - ic to the skies.

No. 85.

Funeral Hymn. C. M.

- 1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 Lone are Thy paths, and sad the bowers
Whence Thy meek smile is gone,
But, oh! a brighter home than ours
In heaven, is now Thine own.

No. 86.

GERMANY. L. M.

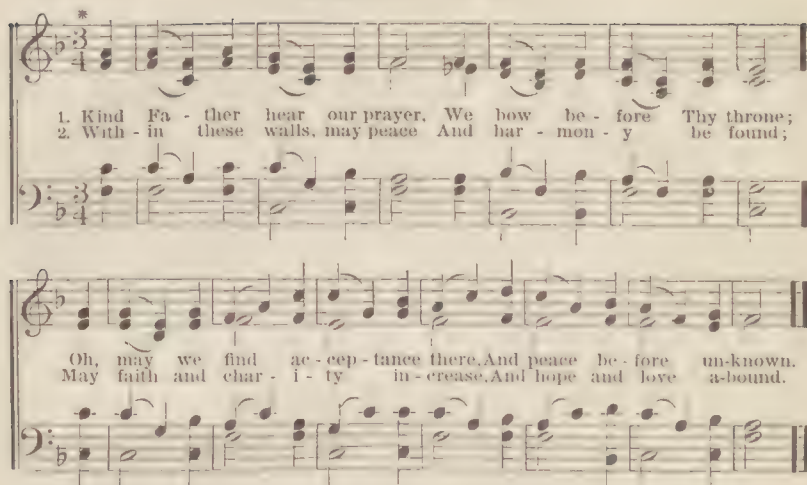
1. Great God! the work in Thee be - gun, The crafts-men,
2. Oh, fill our hearts with heaven - ly light, Be pres - ent

in Thy faith hath done; Thy bless - ing on our
in our mys - tic rite, And when on earth we

la - bors send, In hope be - gun, in peace to end.
work no more, Ce - les - tial Lodge, un - bar thy door

No. 87.

DENNIS. S. M.

*


1. Kind Fa-ther hear our prayer, We bow be-fore Thy throne;
 2. With-in these walls, may peace And har-mon-y be found;
 Oh, may we find ac-cep-tance there, And peace be-fore un-known.
 May faith and char-i-ty in-crease, And hope and love a-bound.

No. 88.

Fellow Craft. 11s. (Music No. 7.)

- 1 Come, craftsmen, assembled our pleasure to share,
 Who walk by the Plumb, and who work by the Square;
 While traveling in love on the Level of time,
 Sweet Hope shall light on to a far better clime.
- 2 We'll seek in our labor the Spirit Divine,
 Our temple to bless, and our hearts to refine;
 And thus to our altar a tribute we'll bring,
 While joined in true friendship, our anthem we sing,
- 3 See Order and beauty rise gently to view.
 Each brother a column, so perfect and true!
 When order shall cease, and when temples decay.
 May each, fairer column, immortal survey.

No. 89.

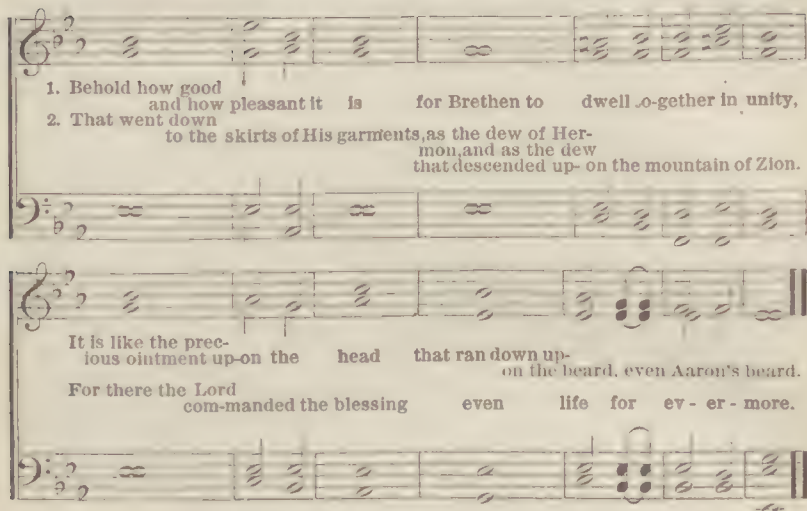
Opening.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is this happy place,
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Where Truth and Love and Heavenly Grace,
 Make our communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the Heavenly Hills,
 May we be blest above;
 Where joy like morning dew distills,
 And all the air is love.

No. 90.

CHANT. (Entered Apprentice.)

P. G. FITHIAN.



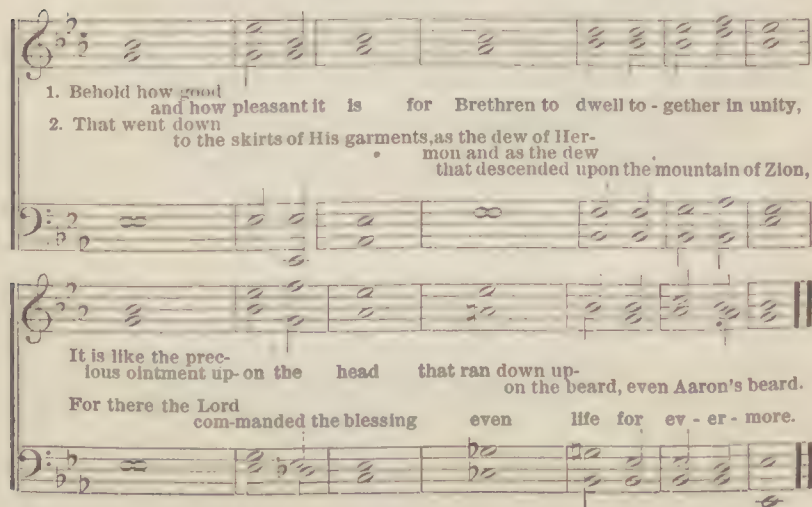
1. Behold how good
and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity,
2. That went down
to the skirts of His garments, as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew
that descended up- on the mountain of Zion.

It is like the precious ointment up- on the head that ran down up-
on the beard, even Aaron's beard.
For there the Lord
com- manded the blessing even life for ev- er- more.

No. 91.

PLAIN CHANT.

Art. from BEETHOVEN.



1. Behold how good
and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell to- gether in unity,
2. That went down
to the skirts of His garments, as the dew of Hermon and as the dew
that descended upon the mountain of Zion,

It is like the precious ointment up- on the head that ran down up-
on the beard, even Aaron's beard.
For there the Lord
com- manded the blessing even life for ev- er- more.

No. 92.

CHANT. (Fellow Craft.)

P. G. FITHIAN.

1. Thus He showed me, and behold, the Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumb line
 2. And the Lord said unto me, Amos what seest thou
 3. Then said the Lord, Behold, I will set a plumb line in the midst of my peo-ple Is - rael,

with and a plumb line in His hand. A - MEN.
 I will not again pass by them a - ny - more.

No. 93.

CHANT. (Fellow Craft Degree.)

ART. P. G. FITHIAN.

*VOICES IN UNISON.

Thus He showed me, and behold, the Lord stood upon a wall, made by a plumb line ;

with a plumb line in His hand. And the

CHANT.

Lord said unto me, Amos what seest thou, and I said a plumb line.

Then said the Lord, behold, I will set a plumb line in the midst of my

peo - ple Is-rael, I will not again pass by them a - ny more. A - MEN.

No. 94.

CHANT. (Master Mason.)

P. G. FITHIAN.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while
the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,
In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and
the strong men shall bow them - selves
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high and
fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish,

When thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them:
And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darken'd,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darken'd.
And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,
Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

Nor the clouds, re - - - - - turn af - ter the rain:
And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and
all the daughters of music shall be brought low.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:
And the spirit shall return un - to God who gave it.

No. 95.

CHANT.

P. G. FITHIAN.

Second Tenor take the melody an octave higher than written.

In the Beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth,

And the Earth was without form and void,

And darkness was upon the face of the deep,
And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,

And God said, Let there be light and there was light.

No. 96.

PLAIN CHANTS.



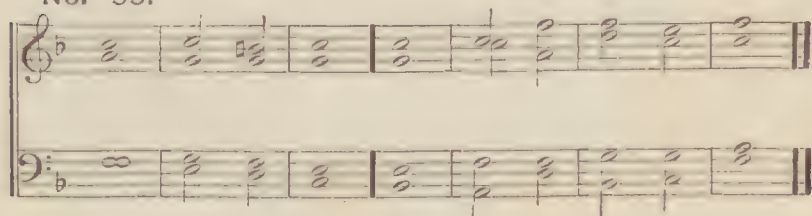
No. 97.



No. 98.



No. 99.



INDEXES.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

All hail! the mystic art.	2	Jehovah, God, Thy gracious power.	45
Almighty Father, God of Love.	18	Kind Father, hear our prayer.	87
Another hand is beckoning us.	85	Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom	36
Behold, in the East our new Master ap- pears.	11, 12	Let there be light.	1
Being of beings, see before Thee bending.	37	Let songs of grateful praise.	74, 32
Be Thou exalted, O our God.	68	"Let your light shine," the Master said.	8
Blest are the sons of peace.	89	Life is a span, a fleeting hour.	58
Blest be the tie that binds.	30	Light, Light, Light.	19
Brothers faithful and deserving.	26	Lord, we come before Thee now.	34
Come, brothers, assemble.	7	Lo, what an entertaining sight.	78
Come, brothers, ere to-night we part.	88	May our united hearts expand.	41
Come, brethren of the craft.	31	Meek and lowly.	23
Come, craftsmen, assembled.	88	Met in friendship's kindly name.	77
Come, masters of the art, unite.	76	My country, 'tis of thee.	46
Dangers of every form attend.	61	Now we hail the Junior Warden.	5
Death, like an overflowing stream.	65	Now we must close our labors here.	54
Eternal Wisdom, Thee we praise.	58, 73	Now we part, what sad emotions.	79
Far from the world's cold strife and pride.	43	O Charity, thou heavenly guest.	40
Father, hear the prayer we offer.	33	Offspring of heaven, mankind's best Friend.	60
From all that dwell below the skies.	59	Oh, guide him through the various maze.	39
From East to West, o'er land and sea.	82	Oh, happy hour when Masons meet.	10
From every earthly pleasure.	60	Oh, welcome, brother, to our band.	56
God bless our native land.	70	Peace to the memory of the dead.	16
God is Love.	4, 22	Pour out Thy spirit from on high.	69
Go now, dear friends.	9	Remember now thy Creator.	20, 21
Great Architect of heaven and earth.	62, 64	Remember thy Creator.	52
Great God, impart Thy power.	75	Should auld acquaintance be forgot.	28
Great God, the work in Thee begun.	86	Softly now the light of day.	25
Great God, to Thee our closing song.	63, 67	Solemn strike the funeral chime.	48
Great God, wilt Thou meet with us here?	80	Spirit of Power and Might, behold.	55
Great Source of light and love.	57	There is a land immortal.	49
Had I the tongue of Greeks and Jews.	38	Thou who art God alone.	47
Hail! brother Masons, hail!	71	Through the lodge celestial sounding.	13, 37
Hail! Grand Master, hail! Grand War- dens.	15	To Him who rules be homage paid.	29
Hear my prayer, Jehovah, hear.	24	We bring no glittering treasure.	51
Heavenly Father, gently bless us.	44, 27	We offer, Lord, an humble prayer.	64
High Twelve has come.	3	When our last labor's o'er.	72
How pleasant is the scene.	35	While journeying on our homeward way.	42
In peace and love united.	6	Within our temple met again.	84
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.	14	Ye happy few who here extend.	81

TOPICAL INDEX.

OPENING ODES.

Be Thou exalted, O our God.....	68
Blest are the sons of peace.....	89
Blest be the tie that binds.....	30
Come, brothers, assemble.....	7
Eternal Wisdom, Thee we praise.....	53
From East to West.....	82
God is Love.....	4, 22
Great God, wilt Thou meet with us here..	80
Great Source of light and love.....	57
Hail! Master Masons, hail!	71
Heavenly Father, gently bless us.....	27
How pleasant is the scene.....	35
In Peace and Love united.....	6
Jehovah, God, Thy gracious power.....	46
Kind Father, hear our prayer.....	87
Let songs of grateful praise.....	32
Lord, we come before Thee now.....	34
Lo, what an entertaining sight.....	78
May our united hearts expand.....	41
Met in friendship's kindly name.....	77
Oh, happy hour when Masons meet.....	10
Pour out Thy spirit from on high.....	60
Softly now the light of day.....	25
We bring no glittering treasure.....	51
Within our temple met again.....	84

INITIATION, E. A.

Almighty Father, God of Love.....	18
Being of beings.....	37
Dangers of every form attend.....	61
Far from the world's cold strife and pride..	43
Heavenly Father, gently bless us.....	44
Oh, guide him through the various maze..	39
Oh, welcome, brother, to our band.....	56
Spirit of Power and Might, behold.....	55
While journeying on our homeward way..	42

FELLOW CRAFT.

Brothers, faithful and deserving.....	26
Come, craftsmen, assembled.....	88
Had I the tongue of Greek and Jew.....	78
May our united hearts expand.....	41
Meek and lowly, pure and holy.....	23
O Charity, thou heavenly guest.....	40
Offspring of heaven, mankind's best.....	60
Friend.....	60
Oh, guide him through the various maze..	39
Oh, welcome, brother, to our band.....	56

MASTER MASON.

Come, masters of the art, unite.....	76
Dangers of every form attend.....	61
Death, like an overflowing stream.....	65
From every earthly pleasure.....	50
Great God, wilt Thou meet with us here?	80
Hear my prayer, Jehovah, hear.....	24
Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.....	36
Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....	58

Remember thy Creator.....	52
There is a land immortal.....	40

CLOSING ODES.

Blest be the tie that binds.....	30
Come, brothers, ere to-night we part.....	83
Father, hear the prayer we offer.....	53
From all that dwell below the skies.....	59
Go now, dear friends, take fond farewell..	9
Great Architect of heaven and earth.....	62
Great God, impart Thy power.....	75
Great God, the work in Thee begun.....	86
Great God, to Thee our closing song.....	63, 67
Great Source of light and love.....	57
Hail! Master Masons, hail!	71
Heavenly Father, gently bless us.....	44
Jehovah, God, Thy gracious power.....	45
Now we must close.....	45
Now we part, what sad emotions.....	79
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.....	28
Softly now the light of day.....	25
We offer, Lord, an humble prayer.....	64
When our last labor's o'er.....	72

FUNERAL OCCASION.

Another hand is beckoning us.....	85
Come, brethren of the craft.....	31
Solemn strikes the funeral chime.....	48

ANNIVERSARY AND DEDICATION.

Blest be the tie that binds (Anniversary)..	30
God bless our native land.....	70
Great Architect of heaven and earth (Dedication).....	62
Hail, brother Masons, hail (Anniversary)..	71
In peace and love united (Anniversary)...	6
Thou who art God alone (Dedication).....	47
Ye happy few who here extend (Dedication).....	81

INSTALLATION SERVICE.

Behold in the East our new Master appear 11, 12	
Thou who art God alone.....	47
To Him who rules be homage paid.....	29
Ye happy few who here extend.....	81

NATIONAL HYMN.

My country, 'tis of thee.....	46
-------------------------------	----

MASONIC HYMNS.

All hail! the mystic art.....	2
High Twelve has come.....	2
Let there be light.....	1
Now we hail the Junior Warden.....	5
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.....	28

INDEX OF FAMILIAR TUNES.

ARRANGED FOR ENTIRE LODGE IN OPENING OR CLOSING.

Come, masters of the art, unite. (Young.)	C. M.	76
Eternal Wisdom, Thee we praise. (Wallace.)	C. M.	73
Great God, impart Thy power. (Capello.)	S. M.	75
Great God, the work in Thee begun. (Germany.)	L. M.	86
Great God, wilt Thou meet with us here. (Ware.)	L. M.	80
Kind Father, hear our prayer. (Dennis.)	S. M.	87
Let songs of grateful praise. (Schumann.)	S. M.	74
Lo, what an entertaining sight. (Arlington.)	C. M.	78
Met in friendship's kindly name. (Blumenthal.)	Ts D.	77
Now we part, what sad emotion. (Stockwell.)	8s and 7s	79
Within our temple met again. (Downs.)	C. M.	84

FOR LODGE CHOIR.

Another hand is beckoning. (Funeral.)	C. M.	85
Behold in the East. (Installation Ode.)	11s	12
Being of beings. (Initiation.) (Fleming.)	—	37
Be thou exalted, O our God. (Opening.)	L. M.	68
Blest be the tie that binds. (Closing.) (Dennis.)	—	30
Brothers, faithful and deserving. (Fellow Craft.) (Stockwell.)	8s and 7s	26
Come, brethren of the craft. (Funeral.)	S. M.	—
Come, brothers, ere to-night. (Closing.)	L. M.	83
Come, craftsmen, assembled. (Fellow Craft.)	11s	88
Come, masters of the art, unite. (Opening.) (Young.)	C. M.	76
Dangers of every form attend. (Master Mason.)	L. M.	61
Death, like an overflowing stream. (Master Mason.)	L. M.	65
Eternal Wisdom, Thee we praise. (Opening.) (Naomi.)	C. M.	53
Far from the world's cold strife. (Initiation.)	L. M.	43
Father, hear the prayer we offer. (Closing.) (Wellesley.)	8s and 7s	33
From all that dwell beneath the skies. (Closing.) (Mendon.)	L. M.	59
From East to West. (Opening.)	L. M.	82
From every earthly pleasure. (Master Mason.)	7s and 6s	50
God is Love. (Opening or Closing.) (Rathburn.)	8s and 7s	22
Great Architect of heaven and earth. (Dedication.)	L. M.	62, 66
Great God, impart Thy power. (Closing.) (Capello.)	S. M.	75
Great God, to Thee our closing song. (Closing.) (Roberts.)	L. M.	63
Great Source of Light and Love. (Opening or Closing.) (Howard.)	S. M.	57
Had I the tongue of Greek and Jew. (Fellow Craft.) (Missionary Chant.)	L. M.	38
Hail, brother Masons. (Opening or Closing.)	6s and 4s	17
Hear my prayer, Jehovah, hear. (Master Mason.) (Gottschalk.)	7s	24
Heavenly Father, gently bless us. (Initiation or Closing.) (Lippincott.)	8s and 7s	44
How pleasant is the scene. (Opening.) (Moore.)	—	35
In peace and love united. (Anniversary.)	7s and 6s	6
Jehovah, God, thy Gracious Power. (Opening or Closing.) (Fortmeyer.)	C. M.	45
Lead, Kindly Light. (Master Mason.)	P. M.	36
Let songs of grateful praise. (Opening.) (St. Thomas.)	S. M.	32
Life is a span, a fleeting. (Master Mason.) (Hough.)	C. M.	58
Lord, we come before Thee now. (Opening.) (Telemann's Chant.)	7s	34
May our united hearts expand. (Opening or Closing.)	C. M.	41
Met in friendship's kindly name. (Opening.) (Blumenthal.)	7s D.	77
My Country, 'tis of thee. (National.) (America.)	6s and 4s	46
Now we must close. (Closing.)	C. M.	54
Now we part, what sad emotions. (Closing.) (Stockwell.)	8s and 7s	79
O Charity, thou heavenly guest. (Fellow Craft.) (Mercy.)	C. M.	40
Offspring of heaven, etc. (Fellow Craft.)	L. M.	60
Oh, guide him through the. (Initiation or Crafting.)	L. M.	39
Oh, welcome, brother, to our band. (Initiation or Crafting.)	C. M.	56
Pour out thy spirit. (Opening.)	L. M.	69
Remember thy Creator. (Master Mason.) (Webb.)	7s and 6s	52
Should Auld Acquaintance, etc. (Closing.)	C. M. D.	28
Softly now the light of day. (Closing.)	7s	28
Solemn strikes the funeral chime. (Funeral.) (Pleyel's Hymn.)	7s	48
Spirit of Power and Might, behold. (Initiation.) (Tiverton.)	C. M.	55
There is a land immortal. (Master Mason.)	7s and 6s	49
Thou who art God alone. (Installation or Dedication.)	6s and 4s	47

INDEX OF FAMILIAR TUNES — *Continued.*

To him who rules. (Installation.)	C. M. Double	29
We bring no glittering treasures. (Opening.)	7s and 6s	51
We offer, Lord, an humble prayer. (Closing.)	L. M.	64
When our last labor's o'er. (Closing.)	6s and 4s	72
While journeying on our homeward way. (Initiation.) (Barber.)	L. M.	42
Within our temple met again. (Opening.) (Downs.)	C. M.	84
Ye happy few. (Installation or Dedication.)	L. M.	81

INDEX OF SOLOS, QUARTETTES, ETC.

FOR CHOIR USE ONLY.

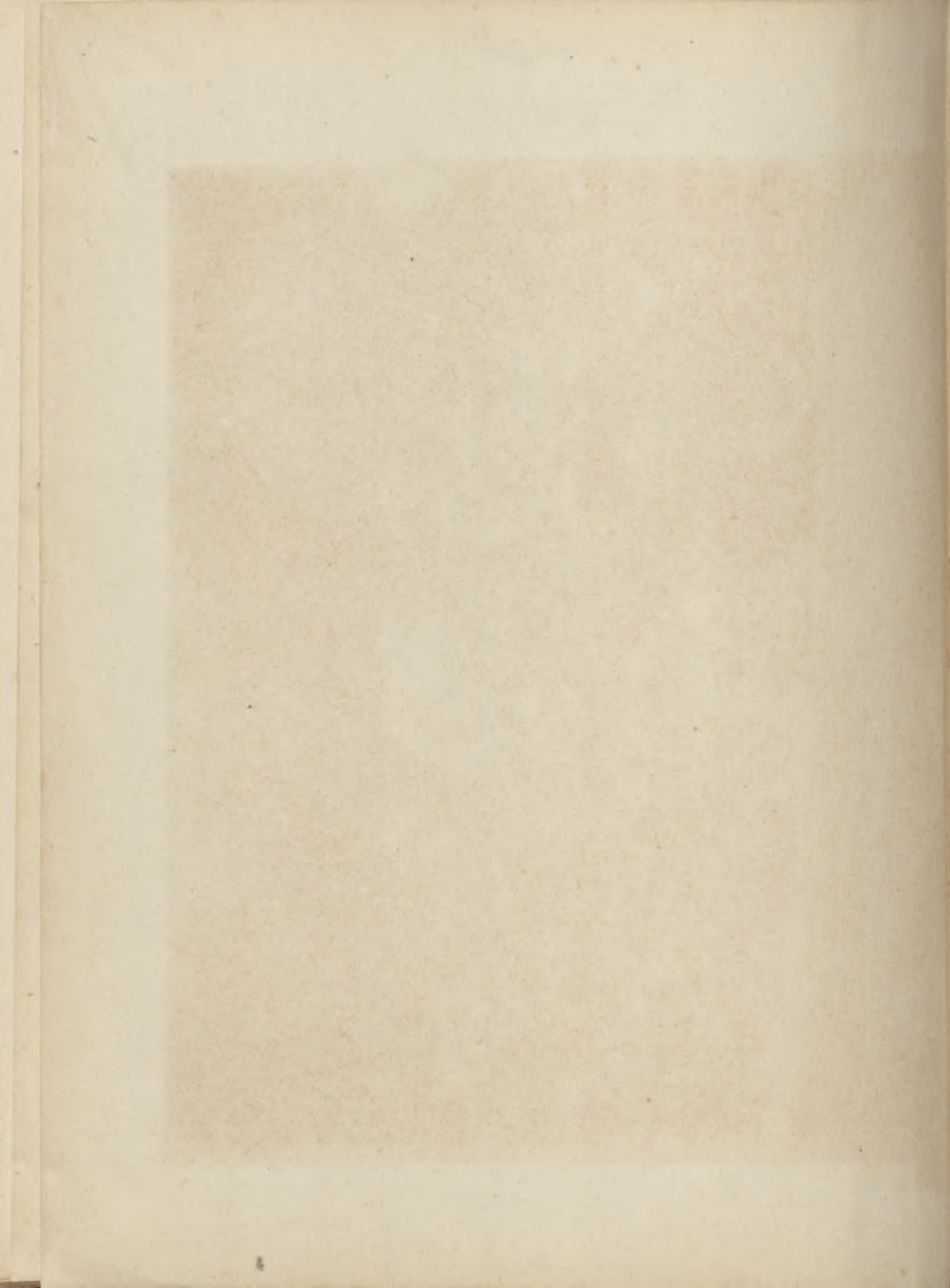
All hail the mystic art.	2	In the beginning God created, etc.	14
Behold in the East, etc. (Kreutzer)	11	Let there be light, the Almighty spoke	1
Behold in the East our New Master, etc. (Fithian)	12	Light, Light, Light	19
Come, brothers, assemble	7	Now we hail the Junior Warden	9
God is Love	4	Oh, happy hour when Masons meet	10
Go, now, dear friends, take fond farewell	9	Peace to the mem'ry of the dead	16
Hail! Grand Master, etc.	15	Remember now thy Creator (Baritone Solo)	20
High twelve has come	3	Remember now thy Creator (Quartette)	21
In peace and love united	6	Thro' the lodge celestial sounding	13

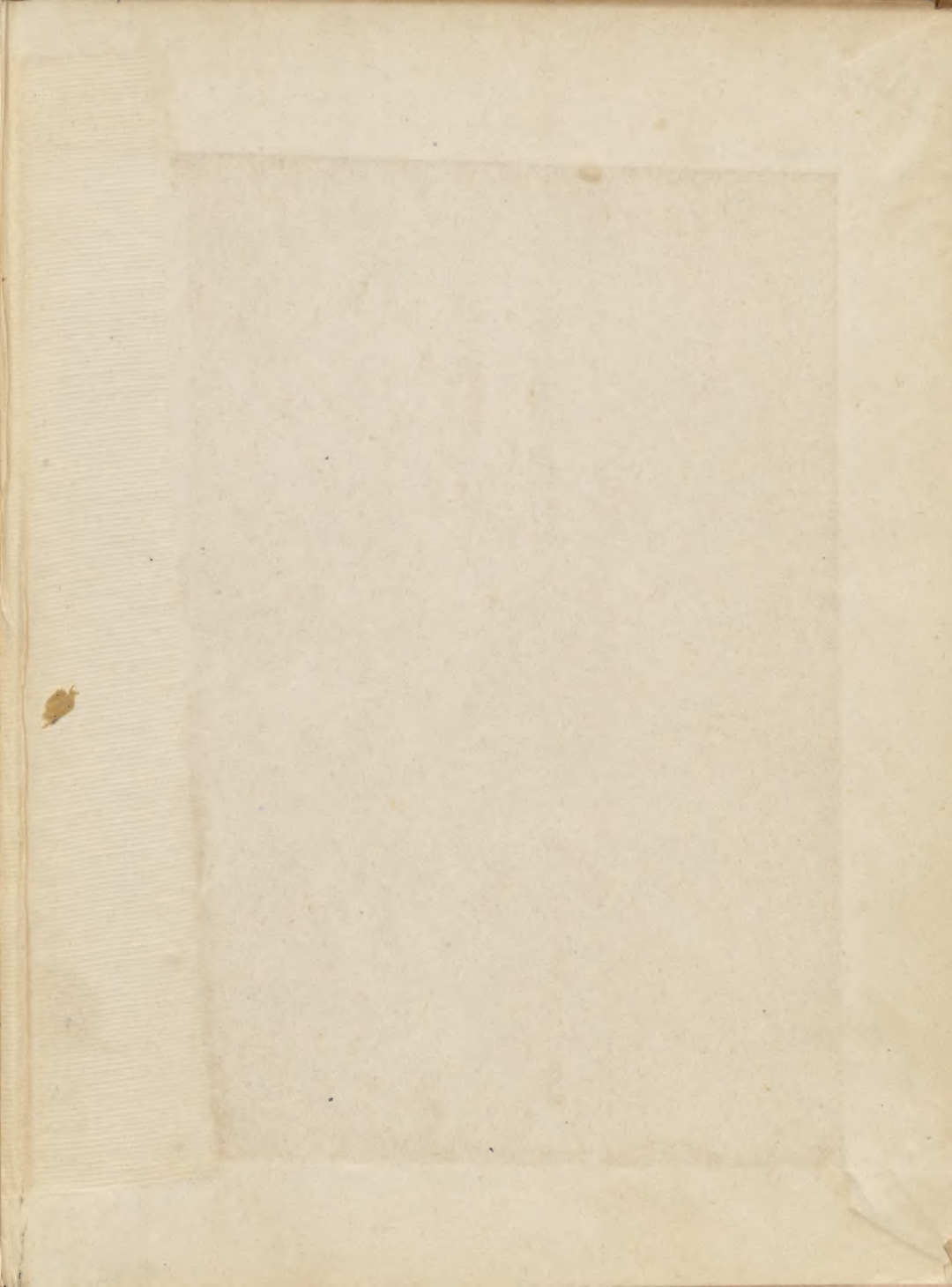
METRICAL INDEX.

C. M.		P. M.	
Arlington	78	Lead, Kindly Light	38
Auld Lang Syne. Double	28	Moore	35
Downs	84		
Fortmeyer	45	L. M.	
Hough	58	Barber	42
Mercy	40	Germany	86
Naomi	53	Mendon	59
Tiverton	56	Missionary chant	38
Wallace	73	Roberts	63
Young	76	Ware	80
S. M.		8s and 7s.	
Capello	75	Lippincott	44
Dennis	30, 87	Rathbun	22
Howard	57	Stockwell	26, 79
Schumann	74	Wellesley	33
St. Thomas	32		
7s.		6s and 4s.	
Blumenthal. Double	77	America	46, 70
Freeman's chant	00		
Gottschalk	24	7s and 6s.	
Pleyel's hymn	48	Webb	52
Telemann's chant	34		

CHANTS.

Behold how good, etc. No. 1. Entered Apprentice	90	In the beginning God created, etc. No. 6. (At altar.)	95
Behold how good, etc. No. 2. Entered Apprentice	91	Remember now thy Creator. No. 5. Master Mason	94
Four plain chants for either Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, or Master Mason. Nos. 7, 8, 9, and 10	96, 97, 98, 99	Thus he showed me, etc. No. 3. Fellow Craft	92
		Thus he showed me, etc. No. 4. Fellow Craft	93





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